

CRAMER'S VOCAL GEMS.

No. 30.

12 COMIC SONGS.

CONTAINING—

THE CROSS OLD BACHELOR.
JOCK O' THE MILL.
POLLEE-WOLLEE-HAMA.
CHICKABOO
I'M LIVELY POMPEY JONES.
A NURSERY LEGEND.
I WOULD I WERE LORD MAYOR.
LORD LOVEL.
FANNY GREY.
BEN BATTLE.
THE CORK LEG.
GILES SCROGGINS' GHOST.

PRICE SIXPENCE.

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COMIC SONGS.

THE CROSS OLD BACHELOR.

Words by EDWARD FITZBALL, Esq.

Music by HERBERT RODWELL.

Allegro ma non troppo presto.

PIANO.



S



Of all the mischievous things in life, Such a one may I ne'er

p p



catch, oh lor! For gos - sip, for chat - ter, for tu - mult, and strife, As a stin - gy, stin - gy,

f p

A musical score for three voices (Soprano, Alto, and Bass) and piano. The vocal parts are in common time, 2/4 time, and 3/4 time. The piano part features a bass line and harmonic support. The lyrics 'cross old ba-che-lor, stin - gy, stin - gy, cross old ba - che-lor.' are written below the vocal lines.

A musical score for a three-part setting. The top part is a soprano vocal line with lyrics: "His will must be fol-low'd, his word must be law; He snarls at the chil-dren,". The middle part is a piano accompaniment marked with a 'p' (piano). The bottom part is a basso continuo line marked with 'ff' (fortissimo). The music is in common time, with a key signature of one flat.

A musical score for 'The Barefoot Boy' featuring two staves. The top staff is for voice and the bottom staff is for piano. The lyrics 'he kicks the tom cat, The spite - ful, fright - ful,' are written below the top staff. The piano part includes dynamic markings 'p', 'ff', and 'p'.

spite-ful old ba - che - lor, spite - ful, fright - ful ba - che - lor. Of all the mis - chievous
 things in life, Such a one ne'er may I catch, oh lor! For gos - sip, for chat - ter, for
 tu - mult, and strife, As a stin - gy, stin - gy, cross old ba - che - lor, stin - gy, stin - gy,
 cross old bachelor.

2. To nice young men who would early wed,
 Prates he of trouble for lack of gold,
 And calculates wedlock at so much per head,
 And swears that wives do nought but scold,
 The stingy, spiteful, cross old bachelor,
 If I had my way—but poor women have not—
 A scarecrow I'd make him, hung up in the straw,
 By all the old maids in the town to be shot,
 The spiteful, frightful, spiteful old bachelor.
 Of all the mischievous things in life,
 Such a one may I ne'er catch, oh lor!
 For gossip, for chatter, for tumult and strife,
 As a stingy, stingy, cross old bachelor.

JOCK O' THE MILL.

Words by WILLIAM BROUH.

Music by T. GERMAN REED.

Allegro vivace.

PIANO.



Wha's com-in' o'er the hill? wha's com-in' here? Las-sie, why smile ye sae,



as he draws near? 'Tis nae your fa-ther, lass, wrinkled and grey;



The musical score consists of two staves of music in G major and common time. The top staff features a vocal line with lyrics: "'Tis nae your brother, lass— why smile ye sae? See where he's com-in' now, colla voce." The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues with "down frae the hill! Wha is't?— I ken him, now,— 'tis Jock o' the mill." The piano accompaniment includes dynamic markings such as *rall.*, *a tempo.*, *ad lib.*, *colla voce.*, and *f*.

The note to be held on by the voice with a nasal sound in imitation of the bag-pipes.

2.

What brings him o'er the hill?—what brings him here?
Corn ye have none to sell, lassie, I fear;
'Tis nae to market, lass, comes he this way.
Ken ye his errand, lass?—why smile ye sae?
See where he's comin' now, down frae the hill!
What is't that brings ye here, Jock o' the mill?

3

What news frae o'er the hill?—what news d'ye bring?
Lassie, why smile ye sae, seeing that ring?—
'Tis nae wi' jewels, lass, brilliant and gay—
Plain, simple, golden, lass—why smile ye sae?
What is't he whispers now?—points o'er the hill?
What! ye'll gag back wi' him?—wi' Jock o' the mill?

POLLEE - WOLLEE - HAMA.

By the Author of "Ka-foozle-um."

PIANO.

Allegretto.

1. With - in that east-ern isle that you May know is call'd Ja - pan, Re -

s

cres.

sid-ed once the brown Pooh-Pooh, The great two-sworded man; Of all the braves was none more grand, Or

cres.

bet - ter known to fame, He lov'd a mai-den of that land, Whose pleasant sounding name Was

p

Pol-lee-Wol-lee-Ha - ma - No - go - So - ki, Pollee, who her lov - ers us'd to tease, Slo-py of the eyes, a

p

flat-nosed beau-ty, Pol-lee-Wol-lee, jol - ly Ja-pan - ese. Pol-lee-Wol-lee-Ha-ma - No - go - So - ki,

f

Pol-lee, who ber lov - ers us'd to tease, Slo-py of the eyes, a flat-nos'd beau - ty,

Pol-lee-Wol-lee, jol - ly Ja-pan - ese.

f

2. Her face was like a pancake flat,
And round as the full moon;
She'd such a many-lovers that
They worried the Tycoon.
At last that mighty potentate
Proclaim'd a trial wide,
Who prov'd of top-spinners most great,
Should win the dainty bride.
CHORUS.—Sweet Pol-lee, &c.

3. The lists were rais'd, the sports begun,
The suitors strove with zest;
A thousand whirling tops were spun,
But Pooh-Pooh's whirl'd the best,
"Enough!" cried the Tycoon, " 'twill do,
The pride of all Japan
I give unto the brown Pooh-Pooh,
The great two-sworded man!"
CHORUS.—Sweet Pol-lee, &c.

4. But Skink, the minstrel, gaz'd apart
Upon the maiden's grace;
He vow'd to win her virgin heart,
And stole unto her place.
He struck low chords and sang soft words;
She yielded to his arts,
And fled with him across the hills
That lie in those rum parts.
CHORUS.—Sweet Pol-lee, &c.

5. When Pooh-Pooh found his promis'd match
Was laid upon the shelf,
He tried the happiest despatch
Upon his noble self.
But failing solace thus to take,
He bung'l'd with the knife,
And only got a stomach-ache,
Which lasted all his life.
CHORUS.—Oh ! Pol-lee, &c.

C H I C K A B O O .

Words by EDWARD FITZBALL.

Music by M. W. BALFE.

Allegretto.

PIANO.

The musical score for 'Chickaboo' consists of five staves of music. The top staff is for the piano, marked 'Allegretto' and 'f'. The vocal part begins on the second staff, marked '2'. The third staff is for the piano, marked 'C: 2' and 'p'. The fourth staff is for the piano, marked 'p'. The fifth staff is for the vocal part, marked '2'.

1. Zam-bo born in
ne - gro land, Pret - ty boy so hand-some grow, What him ail no un - der-stand,
Fall in lub,..... fall in lub with Chicka - boo.

Chick-a-boo, oh, beau-ty cre-ter, Skin like ra-ben, teeth like snow, In green-wood, by

moonlight, Zam-bo Dance wid her de chouka-tow. Oh! ah! sweet choukatow!

oh, Chicka-boo! Oh! ah! Chick-a-boo! Chicka-boo! Chick-a-boo! Chicka-boo!

oh..... Chicka-boo!

2. Zambo wed, and soon appearay
 Little Zambo, tree, one, two;
 Like deir fader, berry handsome,
 One was leetle Chickaboo.
 In de cabin had you seen 'em,
 Ven at night plantation hoe,
 One 'bove toder, fader, moder,
 Dancing all de choukatow.
 Oh! ah! sweet choukatow! &c.

3. White man come wid big long gun,
 Zambo go shoot cockatoo,
 Pleas'd, him run home, find bad massa
 Run away vid Chickaboo.
 But if sad tear from him eye fall,
 Zambo for one drop drink two;
 And, wid bottle for him chum-chum,
 Daney still de choukatow.
 Oh! ah! sweet choukatow! &c.

I'M LIVELY POMPEY JONES.

Words by JOSEPH SULLIVAN.

Music by CHARLES BLAMPHIN.

PIANO.



1. When first to Richmond town I came, The

co-lour'd men they all look'd glum. My eyes so bright, and teeth so white, Were ev' - ry nig - ger

gal's delight. When on the ole ban-jo I play, Oh, how I steal their hearts a - way: For to

sing, and dance, and rattle the bones, Oh, where's the nig - ger like Pom - pey Jones.

I'm live - ly Pom - pey Jones,.... Dats de man dat plays de bones, That's ve - ry well known the world a-round, That he's the beau of Richmond town.

Repeat in Chorus.

world a-round, That he's the beau of Richmond town.

2.

But if the nigger dance and sing,
The white man does the self-same thing;—
He plays the banjo and the bones
Almost as well as Pompey Jones.
And so it was, as you shall hear,
Last week I lost my lovely dear,
She was the maid at the big hotel,
And the darling's name was Polly Bell.
CHORUS.—I'm lively Pompey Jones, &c.

3.

A nigger came to Richmond town,
He sung Jim Crow and jump'd Jim Brown,
He play'd the banjo and the bones;
"Oh," cried the folks, "that's Pompey Jones;"
And when my lovely Polly see
This black critter, she thought 'twas me,
And, true as life, the very next day
With the imitation nigger she ran away.
CHORUS.—I'm lively Pompey Jones, &c.

A NURSERY LEGEND.

Moderato.

Composed by HENRY S. LEIGH.

PIANO.

1. Oh, lis - ten, lit - tle children, to a pro - per lit - tle song, Of a naugh-ty lit - tle

ur - chin who was al - ways do - ing wrong; He dis - o - bey'd his mam-my, and he

dis - o - bey'd his dad, And he dis-o-bey'd his un - cle, which was ve - ry near as bad! He

2.

At last he grew so obstinate that no one could contrive
To cure him of the theory that "two and two is five;"
And when they taught him how to spell, he show'd his
wicked whims
By mutilating "Pinnock," and mislaying "Watt's Hymns,"
Instead of all such pretty books (which *must* improve the
mind)
He cultivated reading of a most improper kind :
Directories and Almanacks he studied on the sly,
And gloated over "Bradshaw's Guide" when nobody
was by.

3.

With such a course of reading you can easily divine
The condition of his morals at the age of eight or nine ;
His tone of conversation kept becoming worse and worse,
Till it scandalized his governess and horrified his nurse.
He quoted bits of "Bradshaw" that were quite unfit to
hear,
And recited scraps of almanack, no matter who was near ;
He spoke of Reigate Junction, and of trains both up and
down,
And referr'd to men who call'd themselves Jones, Robin-
son, and Brown !

4.

But when this wicked boy grew up, he found the proverb true,
That fate some day makes people pay for all the harm they do.
He was cheated out of money by a man whose name was Brown,
And got crippl'd in a railway smash while riding up to town.
So, little boys and little girls, take warning while you can,
And profit by the history of this unhappy man.
Read "Dr. Watts" and "Pinnock," dears ; and when you learn to spell
Fight shy of guides, directories, and almanacks as well.

I WOULD I WERE LORD MAYOR.

Composed by COLENZO.

Allegretto.

PIANO.

O he was a limp young waiter, With cur-ly legs and weak, And me-lan-cho-ly

whiskers, Me - and-ring down his cheek ! And his in-come' was but slen-der, And he paid no in-come

tax, For he wait-ed in a slap-bang shop, Down near St. Ma-ry Axe! In a

slap-bang shop he wait-ed, Where ci - ty swells do dine; And he dai - ly sang a

dolce.

2. He was such an earnest spirit,
That he pass'd his holidays
In helping other waiters
To wait at the caffys!
'Twas in such loving labour,
Of which he was so fond,
That he first beheld his heart's young dream
At the shrine of Spiers & Pond :
At Spiers & Pond's she waited,
In the gloomy Underground,
Adu from that sight his heart, once light,
This pensive burden found :—(*In a sepulchral
key, appropriate to the tunnels of the Metro-
politan Railway.*)
“O I wish,” &c.

3. He saw, and loved, and sickened;
Each day he thinner grew;
His very coat-tail buttons
His wasted frame shone through;
His choker hung upon him
Unlike a stiffeug tie;
The beef he served was often damp
With tear-drops from his eye;
His slippers shuffled loosely
About his shrunken feet;
And if you asked him how he did,
He only would repeat—(*With the sickening
smile of inferior salubrity*)
“O! I wish,” &c.

4. The City swells who loved him
Observed with growing care
That he took no more delight in
The daily bill of fare.
No more the *Morning 'Tiser*
With triumph he would spread;
No more would sound his cheerful call,—
“Two porks, two greens, one bread!”
And if you murmur'd, “Waiter,
How much have I to pay?”
No more the fee caused joy to he :
The sole remark he'd say—(*Was, “Boiled
mutton eightpence, turnips a penny, taters a
penny, ale twopence, bread a penny, one and
one; thank you, sir, but*)
I wish,” &c.

5. He loved, as Shakespeare hath it,
Not wisely, but too well;
For vain Mariar Ann did
Adore a City swell—
A clerk in the Post Office
Amid Saint Martin's damps,
Who had a mod'rate salary
Derived from postage stamps;
And when their faith they plighted,
All at the church of Bow,
No thought they gave on him whose stave
Thus testified his woe :—(*In defiance of the very
beadle that guarded the temple of felicitous con-
nubiality*)
“O ! I wish,” &c.

6. The slim-hair'd waiter waited
Within the slap-baug shop :
A new-wed couple entered
For broth and mutton-chop.
He gave one glance upon her,
He uttered not a cry,
But he stole down to the kitchen-fire,
With freuzy iu his eye,
And he tore away his choker
With madness staring stark,
And in the simmering broth he plunged,
With only this remark :—(*gurglingly expressed*)
“O ! I wish,” &c.

7. The couple ate their dinner,
Which other waiters brought ;
Why other waiters served them
They never gave a thought.
They dined and they departed
With little doubts or fears ;
But indigestiou troubled them
Through all the after years ;
And in long hours of nightmare
They dreamt of that slap-bang,
And from their mucous membrane came
A still small voice that sang: (*And this is what
the spirit of the deceased warbled about their
digestive physiology*)—
“O ! I wish,” &c.

L O R D L O V E L.

Allegretto.

PIANO.

S

1. Lord Lovel he stood at his cas - tle gate, Combing his milk-white steed, When
up came La - dy Nan - ey Bell To wish her lovier good speed, speed, speed, Wishing her lovier good speed.

cres.

S

2. "Oh! where are you going, Lord Lovel," she said,
"Oh! where are you going?" said she;
"I'm going, my Lady Nancy Bell,
Foreign countries for to see-e-e.

3. "When will you come back, Lord Lovel?" she said,
"When will you be back?" said she;
"In a year or two, or three, or four,
I'll come back to my Lady Nancee-e-e."

4. He had only been gone twelve months and a day,
Foreign countries for to see,
When languishing thoughts come into his head,
Lady Nancy Bell he would go see-e-e.

5. So he rode, and he rode on his milk-white steed,
Till he came to London town,
And there he heard Saint Pancridge bells,
And the people all mourning around.

6. "Oh! what is the matter?" Lord Lovel he said,
"Oh! what is the matter?" said he;
"A Lord's Lady is dead!" the people all said,
"And some call her Lady Nancee-e-e."

7. Then he order'd the grave to be open'd wide,
And the shroud to be turned down,—
And then he kiss'd her clay-cold lips,
While the tears came trickling down.

8. Then he flung himself down by the side of the corpse,
With a shivering gulp and a guggle,
Gave two hops, three kicks, heav'd a sigh, blew his nose,
Sung a song, and then died in the struggle!

9. Lady Nancy she died as it might be to-day,
Lord Lovel he died as to-morrow;
Lady Nancy she died out of pure, pure grief,
And Lord Lovel he died out of sorrow.

10. Lady Nancy was laid in Saint Pancridge's church,
Lord Lovel was laid in the choir,
And out of her buzzum there grew a red rose,
And out of her lovier's a briar-iar-iar.

11. So they grew, and they grew to the church-steeple top,
And they couldn't grow up no higher,
So they twin'd themselves in a true lover's knot,
For all lovers true to admire.

FANNY GREY.

Composed by The Hon. Mrs. NORTON.

Moderato.

PIANO.

1. "Well, well, sir! so you're come at last! I thought you'd come no more: I've

s

wai - ted with my bon - net on, From one till half-past four! You know I hate to

sit a - lone, Un - set - tl'd where to go; You'll break my heart, I feel you will, If

you con - ti - nue so! You'll break my heart, I feel you will, If
 you con - ti - nue so!"
 "Now pray, my love, put by that frown, And don't be - gin to scold; You
 real - ly will per - suade me soon—You're grow-ing cross and old. I on - ly stopp'd at

2.

"It took yon then, two hours to bow?—
Two hours!—take off your hat;
I wish you'd bow that way to me,
And apropos of that.
I saw you making love to her—
(You see I know it all!)
I saw you making love to her
At Lady Gossip's ball!"

3.

"Now really, Jane, your temper is
So very odd to-day,
You jealous—and of such a girl
As little Fanny Grey!
Make love to her! indeed, my dear,
You could see no such thing.
I sat a minute by her side
To see a turquoise ring!"

4.

"I tell yon that I saw it all,
The whisp'ring and grimace,
The flirting and coquetting,
In her little foolish face.
Oh, Charles, I wonder that the earth
Don't open where you stand—
By the heav'n that is above us both,
I saw you kiss her hand!"

5.

"I did not, love, or if I did,
Allowing that 'tis true;
When a pretty woman shows her rings,
What can a poor man do?
My life, my soul, my darling Jane,
I love but you alone;
I never thought of Fauny Grey—
(How tiresome she's grown!) "

6.

"Put down your hat, don't take your stick,
Now prithee, Charles, do stay;
You never come to see me now,
But you long to run away.
There was a time, there was a time,
You never wished to go.
What have I done, what have I done,
Dear Charles, to change you so?"

7.

"Pooh, pooh, my love, I am not chang'd,—
But dinner is at eight,
And my father's so particular,
He never likes to wait."
"Good-bye! good-bye! you'll come again?"
"Yes; one of these fine days."
"He's turn'd the street, I knew he would,
He's gone to Fanny Grey's."

BEN BATTLE.

Words by T. HOOD.

Allegretto.

PIANO.



1. Ben Bat - tle was a sol - dier bold, and us'd to wars a -

- alarms; But a can - non ball took off his legs, So he laid down his Arms!.. Now

as they bore him off the field, Said he "let o - thers shoot, For here I leave my

2

The army surgeons made him limbs:
Said he,—“They’re only pegs :
But there’s as wooden *members* quite,
As represent my legs !”
Now Ben he lov’d a pretty maid,
Her name was Nelly Gray ;
So he went to pay her his devours,
When he’d devour’d his pay !

3

But when he call’d on Nelly Gray,
She made him quite a scoff ;
And when she saw his wooden legs,
Began to *take them off*!
“ Oh, Nelly Gray ! Oh, Nelly Gray !
Is this your love so warm ?
The love that loves a scarlet coat,
Should be more *uniform* !”

4

Said she, “ I lov’d a soldier once,
For he was blythe and brave ;
But I will never have a man
With both legs in the grave !
Before you had those timber toes,
Your love I did allow,
But then, you know, you *stand upon*
Another footing now !”

5

“ Oh, Nelly Gray ! Oh, Nelly Gray !
For all your jeering speeches,
At duty’s call, I left my legs
In Badajos’s *breaches* !”
“ Why then,” said she, “ you’ve lost the *feet*
Of legs in war’s alarms,
And now you cannot wear your shoes
Upon your *feats of arms* !”

6

“ Oh, false and fickle Nelly Gray !
I know why you refuse :
Though I’ve no feet—some other man
Is *standing in my shoes* !
I wish I ne’er had seen your face ;
But now a long farewell !
For you will be my death :—alas !
You will not be my Nell !”

7

Now when he went from Nelly Gray,
His heart so heavy got,
And life was such a burthen grown,
It made him take a *knot* !
So round his melancholy neck
A rope he did entwine,
And, for his second time in life,
Enlisted in the Line !

8

One end he tied around a beam,
And then remov’d his pegs,
And, as his legs were off,—of course,
He soon was off his legs !
And there he hung, till he was dead
As any nail in town,—
For though distress had *eut him up*,
It could not *cut him down* !

9

A dozen men sat on his corpse,
To find out why he died,
And they buried Ben in four cross roads,
With a *stake* in his inside.

THE CORK LEG.

Moderato.

PIANO.

1. A tale I'll tell you with - out a - ny flam, In

S:

Hol - land there dwelt Myn - heer Von Clam, Who ev - e - ry morn - ing said, "I am the

rich - est mer - chant in Rot - ter - dam." Ri too ral, loo ral, loo ral, loo ral,



2. One day he had stuff'd as full as an egg,
When a poor relation came to beg;
But he kick'd him out without broaching a keg,
And in kicking him out he broke his own leg.
Ri too ral, loo ral, &c.

3. A surgeon, the first in his vocation,
Came and made a long oration;
He wanted a limb for anatomization,
So finish'd the job by amputation.
Ri too ral, loo ral, &c.

4. Said Mynheer, when he'd done his work,
"By your knife I loose one fork,
But upon crutches I'll never stalk,
For I'll have a beautiful leg of cork."
Ri too ral, loo ral, &c.

5. An artist in Rotterdam, 'twould seem,
Had made cork legs his study and theme;
Each joint was as strong as an iron beam,
The works a compound of clock-work and steam.
Ri too ral, loo ral, &c.

6. The leg was made, and fitted right,
Inspection the artist did invite;
The fine shape gave Mynheer delight,
And he fix'd it on and screw'd it tight.
Ri too ral, loo ral, &c.

7. He walk'd through squares, and past each shop,
Of speed he went at the very top;
Each step he took with a bound and a hop,
Till he found his leg he couldn't stop.
Ri too ral, loo ral, &c.

8. Horror and fright were in his face,
The neighbours thought he was running a race!
He clung to a post to stay his pace,
But the leg, remorseless, kept up the chase.
Ri too ral, loo ral, &c.

9. He call'd to some men with all his might,
"Oh, stop me, or I'm murdered quite!"
But though they heard him aid invite,
He, in less than a minute, was out of sight.
Ri too ral, loo ral, &c.

10. He ran o'er hill, and dale, and plain,
To ease his weary bones, he fain
Did throw himself down, but all in vain,—
The leg got up, and was off again.
Ri too ral, loo ral, &c.

11. He walk'd of days and nights a score,
Of Europe he had made a tour;
He died,—but though he was no more,
The leg walked on the same as before.
Ri too ral, loo ral, &c.

12. In Holland sometimes he comes in sight,
A skeleton on a cork leg tight;
No cash did the artist's skill require,
He never was paid—and it sav'd him right!
Ri too ral, loo ral, &c.

13. My tale I've told both plain and free,
Of the richest merchant that could be;
Who never was buried, though dead, you see,
And I have been singing his L E G.
Ri too ral, loo ral, &c.

GILES SCROGGINS' GHOST.

Words by TOM HOOD.

Moderato.

PIANO.

S

1. Giles Serog-gins court-ed Mol-ly Brown, Fol-lol-de-rol, de-rol-de-ra, The
 fair-est wench in all the town, Fol-de-rol, de-rol, de-rol, de-ra; He
 bought a ring with po-sy true: If you loves me as I loves you, No knife shall cut our
 love in two. Fol-lol-de-rid-dle, lol-de-ra.

2. But scissars cut as well as knives, Fol-lol.
 And quite unsartin's all our lives; Fol-lol.
 The day they were to have been wed, Fol-lol.
 Fate's scissars cut poor Giles's thread, Fol-lol.
 So they could not be mar-ri-ed.

3. Poor Molly laid her down'to weep, Fol-lol.
 And cried herself quite fast asleep; Fol-lol.
 When, standing all by the bed-post, Fol-lol.
 A figure tall her sight engross'd, Fol-lol.
 And it cried, "I be Giles Seroggins' ghost." Fol-lol.

4. The ghost it said all solemnly, Fol-lol.
 "O Molly, you must go with I, Fol-lol.
 All to the grave your love to cool," Fol-lol.
 Says she, "I am not dead, you fool." Fol-lol.
 Says the ghost, says he, "vy, that's no rule." Fol-lol.

5. The ghost he seiz'd her all so grim, Fol-lol.
 All for to go along with him; Fol-lol.
 "Come, come," said he, "ere morning beam." Fol-lol.
 "I von't," she cried, and she gave a scream, Fol-lol.
 Then she woke, and found she dreamt a dream (All about) Fol-lol-de-riddle, lol-de-ra.

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